

the afternoon, when we struck October weather, and as we neared a station the conductor called out: "Thirty minutes for shopping."

Upon my looking puzzled my friend said: "We'll need to stop and buy warmer clothing." I was beginning to lose the power of being surprised, so I made no exclamation when we alighted upon an indoors street lined with stores. The inhabitants were brisk, and there was a general air of gayety and a great display of fashion.

"We've now entered the green isotherm," said my friend; "the summer resorts of the 'upper ten.' In fact, the social scale runs up and down this building like a thermometer, and one often hears the elite described as a seventy-degree family."

"At least at one end of the scale they live on 0," I added.

"The next region is a queer contrast," he continued, as the translator again sped upwards. "The apartments are inexpensive, for clouds hang continually about the windows. The community is composed almost entirely of poets and artists, for they love to live in the clouds, you know."

I was much disappointed to see that, as our route lay through a dark shaft, we could see nothing of the scenery. The room was artificially lighted, and I only felt with horror that we were still flying upward.

"Aren't we almost up to heaven?" I asked, finally.

"No," laughed my friend. "But this is our last stop. We are now on the roof of the Arctic flats," he explained as we alighted. "This is mild winter climate."

I observed many bazars where furs, skates and blankets were for sale, and Christmas trees were standing everywhere. There had been a light fall of snow, and children were coasting merrily down a slanting roof; there were even a few sleighs. I noticed shadows shifting over us continually, and looking up I saw air-ships flying in every direction.

"You will be surprised to hear," said my friend, "that many never leave these regions during their lifetime, which accounts for the fair northern type of the inhabitants. I have an aunt living here whom I've never seen. She was naturally frigid and preferred living in these flats. We call her Aunt Arctic, and often talk of fitting out an expedition to discover her."

"Had you any idea," I interrupted, "that it was half-past ten o'clock. It's perfectly light!"

"Oh, that's because we're so near the stars. You'll find out that all the astronomers live here. They tell us that there are indications that Mars is leaving her orbit to avoid the smoke from the chimneys of our high buildings."

"I don't doubt it. I should think on a soft summer evening one might even hear the music of the spheres here."

"You may laugh," he rejoined, "but queer things have happened. It's an actual fact that after the World building was completed one of Jupiter's moons deserted him and took to revolving around its dome. Astrono-

mers were wild with excitement. But one night it disappeared, having discovered, I suppose, that the World was not exactly a heavenly body."

Just then we were attracted by a great crowd under a lightning-rod.

"Why, you see," explained a man, "we had a frigate last night; a star got stuck on our lightning-rod."

"You don't mean it?"

"A fact, sir. After an hour of agony on our part, during which we played the hose on it, it wiggled itself clear and rolled off."

"How strange it all is!" I murmured as we walked on. "In my geography days I used to consider the Rocky mountains high, but after seeing the New York buildings I shall never again presume to think so. I understand now a sentence in my daughter's lesson which puzzled us both. It said 'The New York glacier rises in the New York Alps, takes a downward course, and empties into the West side sewer.'"

"Oh, yes; that starts in the north gutter of the iceberg flats."

As it was getting late we descended to the summer resorts, where we had decided to remain a time in preference to the Arctic region; for, as my friend said, "Living was too high up there."—Caro Lloyd, in Leslie's Weekly.

The Doctor's Rash Promise.

This is a true tale, and it points a moral. A physician of this city had treated a certain gentleman and was asked the question: "How much do I owe you?"

"Three dollars," said the physician. But when the patient drew forth a ten dollar gold piece the healer looked chafallen, and asked, anxiously: "Have you no change?"

"No," was the answer. "Only this and two nickels."

"Then give me the two nickels," said the physician, "for if I take the gold I shall be seven dollars out."

The unhappy man had rashly promised his wife that all the gold taken in by him in the discharge of his calling should be his wife's perquisite.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Genuine Hero.

A party of young men were telling what they would do were they wrecked far out to sea, and left buffeting the waves without a plank to assist them.

Each one gave his opinion except Paddy Murphy, who after being asked for his, replied:

"Bedad, ye cowardly set of spalpeens, ye'd all be after savin' yer-selves, an' not tryin' to save another. Why, it's Paddy Murphy that would swim ashore an' save himself, and then come back an' thry to save another!"—Toledo Blade.

A Thorough Confession.

"Herbert," she said, "tell me one thing, and tell me truthfully. Were you ever intoxicated?"

"Well," replied the young man, "I was air-tight once."

"What do you mean?"

"I had a tooth pulled and took laughing gas."—Toledo Blade.

HINTS TO WOMEN BATHERS.

Do NOT place too much trust in buttons and strings. Reinforce all fastenings by safety pins.

Don't venture beyond your depth and allow yourself to be rescued more than once or twice during the season.

Don't show your love of the water by staying in very long. It merely makes one's lips blue and one's complexion mottled.

Brown locks or golden, done up in coquettish knots, are pleasanter to look upon than oilskin caps. But salt water plays havoc with coquettish knots.

The woman who is "learning to swim" is the recipient of much more attention than she who knows how to swim. Therefore never quite master the gentle art of swimming, but always be about mastering it.

WHEN you are ready to open the door of your bath-house and appear before a critical company, remember that matters will not be improved by delay, and that the best place in which to hide your abbreviated draperies is in the water not in front of the bathhouse door.

Do NOT promenade the beach or lie in the sand after your bath. You have seen chickens and other animals whose natural element is not water, after a frenching shower. Be warned by these humble members of creation and betake yourselves directly from the waves to the dressing-room.—N. Y. World.

RAILROAD SIGNALS.

THREE whistles mean "back up."

TWO whistles signify "off brakes."

CONTINUED whistling mean "danger."

ONE whistle signifies "down breaks."

ONE pull of the bell cord signifies "stop."

A RED flag raised at a station means "stop."

TWO pulls of the bell cord mean "go ahead."

THREE pulls of the bell cord mean "back up."

SHORT, sharp whistles, "a cattle alarm."

A LANTERN swung in a circle signifies "back the train."

A RED flag waved up the track indicates "danger."

A RED flag by the roadside means "danger ahead."

A RED flag carried on a locomotive signifies "a special following."

A LANTERN swung at right angles across the track means "stop."

A LANTERN raised and lowered vertically is a signal to "start."

THE French support 4,300, little Japan 2,000 and the land of macaroni and hand organs 1,500.

IT requires exactly 1,200 to satisfy the literary tastes of the natives of Austro-Hungary.

ASIA, exclusive of Japan, prints 1,000, Spain 850, and the czar, with the aid of his censors, edits 800.

AUSTRALIA is also credited with 800, Greece 200 less, Switzerland 450, Holland and Belgium 300 each, all others 1,000.